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BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
FORMERLY BOSTON THEATRE.

THE OPERA.

ULLMAN AND STRAKOSCH COMPANY.

THIS DAY (SATURDAY, Dec. 31 at 9 A. M. will commence the Sale of Reserved Seats for the first and second nights, at the Boston Academy of Music (late Theatre.)

Regular Winter Season.

OPENING NIGHT, MONDAY, JAN. 2, 1858.

Inauguration of the New Chandelier.

First night of Verdi's New Opera of

THE SICILIAN VESPERS,

with an entirely new and splendid mise en scene, new properties, accessories, &c.

THE UNIQUE AND PICTURESQUE DRESSES,

Presenting a most faithful picture of the costumes of the thirteenth century, have been made in Paris by Monsieur Le Roy. The new armors and accoutrements are from the celebrated manufactory of Monsieur Granger, armorer to His Majesty the Emperor of the French.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

The Princess Elena.....Mme. COLSON
Arrigo.....Sig. BRIGNOLI
The Governor of Monferte.....Sig. FERRI
Procida, Chief of the Conspirators.....Sig. JUNCA

SECONDARY CHARACTERS

by Madame Moore, Sig'ra Muller, Roble, Quinto, Kimenes.
Conductor.....MUZIO.

THE SICILIAN VESPERS

was expressly composed by Verdi for the Grand Opera in Paris, and is universally acknowledged as being the grandest and most effective opera of this celebrated composer. Its success in Italy has been enormous, and on its production in London last June, it was received with an enthusiasm that has rarely been surpassed by any other Italian Opera. It has been given in New York twelve times in three weeks and five times in Philadelphia.

TUESDAY EVENING, January 5,

First appearance in Boston of

MISS ADELINA PATTI,

on which occasion will be performed Donizetti's Opera,

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

Miss Adelina Patti as.....Lucia
Signor Stigelli as.....Edgardo
Signor Amodio as.....Ashton

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 6, a favorite Opera will be given.
THURSDAY, there will be no performance.
Every SATURDAY at 1/2 Grand Matinee.
Admission $1; Reserved seats $1 50. Family Circle 50 cents. Amphitheatre 25 cents.

On the opening night will be inaugurated,

The New Chandelier,

which is of the most magnificent and tasteful description, and the largest ever used in any Theatre, either in this country or in Europe. It has been manufactured by the eminent firm of Cornelius & Baker, in Philadelphia.

dec 30 tf

FINE ARTS DEPARTMENT
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CHURCH'S PAINTING.

THE

HEART OF THE ANDES.

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THE

HEART OF THE ANDES.

The origin of the broken surface of the earth, we learn, is the subterranean power of upheaval. In obedience to that power, inconceivable to the human mind, the outer crust of the globe is lifted into the irregularities which we see. Around and upon these are the work and play and battles of the elements. The surf beats at the base, and the storm at the summit of the mountain; along its sides sweep the wind and rain; heat and frost dissolve, explode, and crumble; torrents scour the chasms; rivers wind through the valleys, bearing forward fragments of their own banks and channels; the earthquake detaches; through the omnipresence of gravitation, the abyss receives alike the sifted sand and pebbles, and the avalanche. Thus the elements and forces of the earth are forever busy in the apparently infinite task of reducing to a level the primeval erections of violence.

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But how are these opening remarks pertinent to landscape-painting, or to its criticism? Evidently, some apprehension of the process of landscape-*making* by the instrumentalities of the Creator, is necessary in order successfully to conduct the process of landscape-*painting* by the feeble instrumentalities of man. And what is necessary to the painter, is in some degree to the critic, whose proper task is to reproduce and explain, in so far as he is able, the work of the artist, and compare it with the living landscape. A knowledge of the roughening and the smoothing of the earth, by the powers which haunt its sunless caverns, and toil and contend upon its face, is evidently essential in order to an intelligent perception of that face, as we behold it. To the artist who would truthfully *picture* it, certainly, indispensable knowledge. Without that, his work cannot have the expression and significance of the actual—cannot have that organic unity—cannot have that all-pervading life, energy, and beauty which conspire to make it a genuine creation of art, in contradistinction to the work of the mere mechanic.

What is said of the earth, may be said of the living growth upon it. In obedience to subtle forces rise the organic structures of the vegetable kingdom. Vital powers are within, silently elaborating and expanding, noiselessly building up the forest, accomplishing the wondrous architecture of the woods, shooting to their breezy height the cedar, palm, and pine, netting the million meshes of the vines, weaving the draperies of the universal green. Around and upon *these* also are

the work and play, and the strife of the elements. Invisible energies manipulate and mould to finer shapes, to sweeter form and outline; unseen fingers touch to rarer complexions, tone to hues more tender; the wind, the showers, the dew, weight, warmth, and light, all minister to graceful motions and to fairer features; while ruggedness and sturdy strength stand forth to meet and triumph over rude violence, or fall before it. A knowledge of vegetable structures, rising, flourishing, declining, in obedience to forces within and around, is evidently essential in order to an intelligent perception of them, as we see them, whether singly or in multitude. To the artist who would truthfully picture them, indispensable knowledge. A want of it will find, in the pictured plants, trees, and woods, a corresponding want of truthfulness, and therefore, of necessity, want of proper expression, strength, and beauty.

Supreme over all these lower realms of earth and growth, reigns the universal space, the realm of atmosphere, light and darkness, and color. The Artist who would truthfully *picture* (and he who *truthfully*, strongly, and beautifully pictures) all the palpable and apparent in the all-embracing space, must work with a wise perception, an intelligent sense, warm and loving feeling, growing out of an intimate acquaintance, and large knowledge, acquired by actual inspection, patient, diligent study, with careful delineation. Short of these, the finest capacity, stimulated by a passion for beauty, guided by the acutest eye, and aided by an obedient and skilful hand, will inevitably fall short of the real.

and hence of the great, which is the embodiment of the real with the least possible of the false. Minute facts and countless details enter into, and conspire to produce, grand pictorial effects. Why? Because facts and details enter into, and conspire to produce, grand effects in nature. Thorough knowledge of the minutiæ of nature must be obvious. And so the first and last necessity of landscape art is the knowledge of facts, of their producing causes, controlling laws, and modifying influences.

The pertinency of these remarks consists in their having been made with special reference to the Artist whose name is in these pages. They are intended throughout to apply to him, and to his works—rather, the particular work which has, in fact, prompted them, and meets, it is believed, their demands. It is built upon the knowledge of facts. It is a spacious and splendid structure of artistic genius, reared by the patient, strong intellect, waited upon and served by the rarest skill, full of thought born of the feelings and the imagination, but founded upon knowledge brought away from nature. Aware, at an early day, of the indispensable grounds of landscape-art, through the practical teachings of one of its most truthful and imaginative masters, Church put himself to the lengthy task of acquiring them. Gifted, as Cole declared, with an eye of unrivalled excellence for lines and forms, he has pursued them with an assiduity and enthusiasm which have enabled him to verify the judgment, and to prove also that he has an eye of singular fidelity to color, light and shade, with

the capacity, feeling and skill to reproduce on the canvas the scenery of nature with consummate truthfulness and splendor.

After several years devoted to the study and painting of our own coast and mountain views, the latter so remarkable for their gorgeous autumnal colors, Church resolved to pursue his professional researches, not upon the old grounds abroad, but in South America, a field entirely new to all modern artists of note and ability. There, in the company of a friend since distinguished in the practical walks of science, he travelled for several months, accumulating sketches and studies, and living under the inspiration of the beauty and sublimity peculiar to the countries visited. To what purpose, the pictures of the three or four years succeeding have shown. They exhibit an increase of artistic ability proportional to his advance in the knowledge of facts. His capacity and conceptions appear to have enlarged with "the enlargement of his vision," among those forests, cataracts, and colossal mountains. Yielding to the allurement of the regions of which his labors reminded him, he returned to them, visiting new parts, and making fresh studies.

In no other section of the globe (Humboldt himself not excepting the Alps and the Himalaya) could the landscape-painter acquire such an extent and variety of knowledge suited to his purposes, and receive such inspiration and impulse. Again, both the painter and his present picture are the end and purpose of remark.

There, particularly in Ecuador, volcanic forces seem to have laid out all their strength: there the elements have toiled at the most prodigious tasks, sported with the wildest freedom, fought with terrific fury: there the silent activities of vegetable life have triumphed on the widest fields: there lines and forms, light and darkness, electricity and atmosphere, play their wonderful drama on the broadest stage. Every zone seems to have paid tribute in climate, scenery and productions, and to confess that in the empire of nature, there is her metropolis, her palaces, and her throne. There the day first kindles on her crown, on its silvery pinnacles last dies in rosy light. There, overlooking both a continent and the Pacific, pouring her floods into the one, and rolling them across the other, she sees silvas and pampas alternately welter in the rains and pant in the blaze of endless summer. Around these, in extents that imitate the expanses of the sea, rivers wind their glittering coils. Fit foreground for those vast Cordilleras, whose sovereign heights, gleaming forever with arctic ice, repeat the dome of the sky into which Omnipotence has built them.

Embosomed among these are numberless valleys, often of great extent and elevation, where, between sultry and polar climes, the mild summer is perpetually attended by the flowers of spring and the fruits of autumn. There impending grandeurs and manifold beauties fill the traveller with delight and awe. Prospects frequently appear that realize the dreams of imaginative minds. Groves of tropical magnificence, banks of verdure gorgeous with blossoms of all hues,

surround the waterfalls, and are reflected in the clear expanse below. Picturesque woodlands follow up the capricious windings of the streams: soft-featured table-lands, enlivened with the play of lights and shadows, suggestive of repose amid the general tumult of rolling surfaces and ascending lines, fill out the cradle of enchantment; while the eye wanders, now where the mountains retire in gloom, now where they retreat among the clouds, or like gigantic sculpture sleep with dazzling brightness under the blue canopy of heaven.

A scene like those, in the heart of the great equatorial Andes, near Guaranda, in Ecuador, is before us in this last, and by far the largest, of Church's landscapes. In fact, the design of the above description is not so much to present the field of the artist's travels and studies as to illustrate and actually describe the picture which is intended to represent it.

To describe more literally. Imagine yourself, late in the afternoon with the sun behind you, to be travelling up the valley along the bank of a river, at an elevation above the hot country of some five or six thousand feet. At the point to which you have ascended, heavily-wooded mountains close in on either hand, (not visible in the picture—only the foot of each jutting into view,) richly clothed with trees and all the appendage of the forest, with the river flowing between them. You see it coming (from the somewhat high ground upon which you are supposed to stand) for a mile or more, flowing at first rapidly through descending, broken woodlands, then placidly until it breaks in a waterfall, a brilliant spectacle in the sun-light, at the foot of which the

stream expands, laving an extent of surrounding and precipitous banks, overhung with shrubs and boughs, and fringed with luxuriant verdure. Flowing forward, the river contracts, and breaks again upon the rocky bottom, then bends on the verge of another fall, and disappears in the chasm beneath your feet. Conspicuous on the opposite side of the river is the road leading into the country above, a wild bridle-path in the brightest sunshine, winding up into, and losing itself in the thick, shady woods. The foreground, with its glassy expanse of water reflecting the surrounding rocks and woods, the abundant foliage, the deep shadows, the profusion of richly-colored flowers, the vivid sunshine, the waterfall of almost dazzling brightness, the rainbow dissolving in its mists, forms of itself a scene of unrivalled power and brilliancy,—the perfection of sweetness and beauty in the arms of wild, rugged strength.

Passing forward, the eye sweeps the capacious vale, and strikes the mountains where they mingle in the airy distance. Those, or rather *that*, on the right—a multitude of smaller mountains on the breast of a greater, piled one above another, with their intervening gorges and chasms, all running up, and builded into one mighty mass, a very world—ascends into the gray and warmly-tinted clouds; here, behind the lofty, spreading wood-tops and the dusky air, standing in lone sublimity; there, coming round full into the front, and swelling with vast magnitude into, and filling a large portion of the whole visible space—a wide region of purple atmosphere in shadow, crossed with rays and thin pillars

of light from the clouds, with innumerable surface-lines behind, and an under-play of sunshine here and there—a prospect of indescribable majesty, that grows upon the mind—a revelation of almighty power so wondrously apparalled with the silvery, the dim and unsubstantial, that they seem to flit and change while you gaze, all

> "beautiful exceedingly,"
>
> "Hanging in the shadowy air,
> Like a picture rich and rare."

Those on the left, stretch far into the east, rising into the bright skies in a succession of snowy ridges, pinnacles and domes, an astonishing assemblage of summits vast and beautiful, all culminating in one imperial height, helmeted with the crystal of eternal winter. Along this immensity the eye lingers and expatiates, loitering here—hastening there—losing itself in the fields of shade—darting off into the upper fields of light. A thrill of grandeur attends this first flight of the eye over the main features of the prospect, which the lover of mountain scenery recognizes as the old, familiar emotion. When the first wonder subsides, the sight naturally drops back into the midlands and foreground, where the river suggests its tortuous course above. Far away, where you see the shining Andes doubling behind the less distant, darker slopes, you may take the stream, in imagination, and follow it down, coming round the long outreaching mountain base into the smooth plain—broad and pleasant levels, bathed with sunshine, or lightly tracked with inconstant shad-

ows,—which at length breaks off in banks and precipices into the finely diversified, descending woodlands, where the stream emerges into view, assuming alternately the character of the rough torrent and the placid river, yonder quietly gliding past the village, or racing noisily between banks of craggy rocks, here bursting into snowy whiteness, a cataract, with its attending spray and prismatic hues, as before described.

It is obvious that this more literal description of the landscape (which instead of being at all overdrawn often comes far short of the reality) corresponds, in so far as the writer is able to make it, with a veritable prospect—one of the actual valleys of the Andes. If it is an honest sketch; if the landscape will warrant the description, then has the painter well performed his legitimate task, and given us a fine work. For when nature *pictured* will honestly bear describing as nature *real*, then will it be found truthful to nature, and thus a true creation of art. For art, as Cole once thoughtfully observed, is but nature continued by the hand of man. But *is* the sketch an honest one? *Will* the landscape stand any fair comparison with the living landscapes out of which it was taken, and bear to be described, not simply as one of them, but as combining the features of the very, very finest of them? It is believed that it will.

Take the ground-surface. Throughout the entire extent of it, the careful observer sees—all will feel it spontaneously—that it was painted with an intelligent

sense of the great physical forces, and of the modifying power of the elements. Mighty forms thus portrayed tell a story of thought, of feeling, and imagination. The look which grasped and penetrated, the hand that sketched, the foot that trod upon them, was enlivened with a spirit cognizant of powers above and below. An expression of primeval strength uplifting, and of energies employed in levelling pervades the whole. Prodigies of volcanic force are those great Andes. In grand tones these pictured ones roll out that truth upon the beholder's imagination with impressive power. Miracles of elemental labor are the summits, sides, and gorges of those huge ranges. This painted vale with its attending heights, has the tale of that labor written in the thousand lines, graved in the countless fissures, frescoed in the stains and dyes, cut in the keen edges, sculptured in the rounded masses. Everywhere you see the footprints and marks of the busy, toiling elements. You may track them where they sport, and where they rage: in the mould and soil of undulating ground, around the crumbling ledges, in the wear and tear of floods, in the caving banks and shattered chasm. To such perfection are the dissolving, softening effects of elemental action carried that they may appear excessive, and suggest the need of more fresh ruggedness, more of the original brokenness of face and outline, wounds which no time could heal, no ages of tempest wash and polish away. But recollect, the immense magnitude of the masses must dwarf all ordinary irregularities; recollect, they are too distant (far more distant than at first they appear to be, from the exceeding

clarity of the light Andean air) to admit of fresher roughness in the outer surface. The foreground is the representative of, and the key to, the geologic truth of the picture, as indeed to all other truth of it. Look at the precipices around and in the waterfall, all cracked and shivered. See them repeated in the middle grounds. Here you perceive amid the abrasions, and under the coverings of centuries, sufficient asperity and craggedness, from which all retiring parts are a just gradnation, not one of them starting out into undue plainness and prominence, to interfere with the true perspective.

To pass from the ground-surface to its growth—trees and verdure. They are painted, it will be found, with a just perception of those live forces in virtue of which all spring from the germ, and swell to maturity: painted also with an intelligent sense of the presence and active influence of the elements. The foregrounnd, right and left, (which, as said above, is nothing less than the foot of wooded mountains jutting into view, with the river flowing between them) affords a happy illustration. Miracles of arborescent and vegetable life are those equinoctial woods, if these pictures faithfully portray them. Here are not only portraits true to complexion, to figure and to line, but thoroughly expressive of the fulness of tropical life. The feeling of delight that springs spontaneously, upon the first look, only foreruns the greater pleasure and satisfaction which follow upon the study and contemplation of them. It would seem that nothing less than an eye

patient, keen and appreciative, would be likely to discover how closely the painter of this grove and forest scenery has studied, not merely the form and usual appearance, but the very nature, constitution, temper, ways, and experience of trees, with all their undergrowth, and, one may say, inner and over-growth. He appears (and all will bear the scrutiny of a careful look) to have carried, for example, leaves, limbs, bark, lichens, vines, moss, with their qualities, hues and textures, so completely in the mind, that when he came to paint them, the experienced eye and practised hand worked at once boldly, freely, with assurance, certain of the result, no thought lost, no feeling evaporated in the pauses of timid uncertainty and doubt. The above is true with regard to the whole range of objects, the subtlest even, as light, air, mists, and shadows. To proceed. Looking up through the grove, at the right, upon the bank sloping towards, and overhanging the river, you fall upon such magnificence, conjoined with strength and grace and just proportion, as no language can with brevity well express, and none, at length, without failing to carry along the whole truth, and leave a correct impression. To be understood, its singular excellence must be seen. The trees are prodigies of labor. Yet so wondrously do the parts, minute and countless as they are, run up and blend into one live whole, that they have not only the true tree-like shape and look, but beam with an expression of the sappy, elastic, ringing wood, with a bold, free, noble action, at home in the breeze, in the sunshine and the calm. The lover of the forest will

find refreshing in this wood. Woolly mosses creeping up, fleece the large-rooted, full-bodied trees, which grasp the ground with a right sturdy hold, that answers to their well-limbed, large tops, now gilt with sunshine. Look up along the healthy bark, with its lichens. How soberly vested, and yet how richly! choice colors running into and blending with the white and black. Into the branches spring the limber vines, to bask their leafage in the high light, and descend again in supple tresses on the outer boughs, sheltering in the spacious bowers fragrant moisture and shadowy coolness. The fertile soil, knitted and compacted with roots, and projecting its ragged edges over the brink, lies beneath its burden of juicy plants and grasses, shrubs and ferns. Snowy blossoms contrast with the darkness in the recesses of the boughs. Here and there the deep, rich red burns in points like coals. Now the orange, purple, and the yellow flowers; then the blue blooms along the lively green. A flash of sunshine is the central glory, illumining and harmonizing all, recalling the familiar line:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

The forest on the opposite side of the river, exhibits the qualities and features just mentioned in a manner exceedingly diversified and picturesque. Rocky projections and recesses are the characteristics of the foot of these woodlands, affording the finest possible line for pictorial purposes, bringing drooping boughs and wavy verdure in contrast with the angular gray cliffs beneath. The whole tract of ground is broken into sharp or

rounded knolls and hills, ravines and hollows, giving its growth corresponding irregularities and disorder, throwing it into wide and the wildest confusion. One may be reminded of the wild, joyous freedom of the surf in a rock-bound bay, where all rolls and leaps, bursts apart and runs together, tossing its sheaves of foam, flinging its feathery spray all abroad. At first, the eye is lost in the complexity of tree and foliage, darting from top to top, or wandering in the endless greenery below, tent-like and bowery, draped and interwoven with vines, parasites and creepers flushed with roseate and purple bloom, out of which general entanglement the trees spring aloft, gracefully or with rough stoutness, and fling their rustling branches to the warm, sunny air. One might almost wonder how the painter ever could have entered upon such a wilderness with the expectation of returning successfully. But his intellectual grasp, and artistic skill and knowledge are equal to the difficulties of a large invention and splendid fancy. There is a model of forest-painting. The wand of the enchanter has passed over all that apparent tumult, and evoked the most admirable order and proportion, expressive of one all-pervading life, one general grace and beauty, sustained and strengthened in a manner consistent with other parts of the extensive foreground. At the foot of the picture on the extreme left, is one of those cavernous recesses, into which the sun seldom looks, and in the almost perpetual evening of which is hidden a little world of the beautiful. A spring gushes from the rocks and falls in a small cascade, diffusing coolness and moisture, and

fostering a thousand little greens—lichens, wiry creepers, tufts of plants and grasses, clumps of colored mosses. A thicket of shrubs, the haunt of gaudy insects and birds of showy plumage, clusters at the foot of an old tree, festooned and mantled with vines and flowering parasites, upon the dead bark of which a stream of light beams intensely, and flashes across the rocky road near by, throwing the little nook of mountain beauty, scarlets, pinks, crimsons, and all, into deeper though still transparent shadow, and affording with other strong points in the foreground a representative of, and a key to, the light and shadow, and, it may be added, color, of the entire picture.

To pass from the earth and its growth into space—the realm of air and light with attending facts and phenomena. To speak of all things here, as they are apparent, and take their places in the general arrangement, is certainly beyond the reach of this review. All is wrought out with a wise perception of the elements, and their results. Take the light, for example. Its quality accords with the hour: not the pure, white light of a cool, clarified atmosphere, but the yellowish light of the warm, genial afternoon. The quantity accords with the largeness of the region displayed under the circumstances of a calm and pleasant time: not a single stream, but a general flow. The manner of the flow, the way it falls, accords with the features of the scene, and with that particular hour out of the twenty-four selected as the best to present those features with their finest expression, and the greatest beauty. The sun being

nearly behind you, the light falls obliquely, but still full upon the immense prospect, laying it all out in the wide, open day, but for passing clouds. These arrest such portions of the light as give it only its just measure and share of the landscape with the shadows. The main brightness follows the valley, crossing the slopes of the nearer mountain, and going off upon the snowy summits and the great dome into the clouds and sky beyond. There it shines resplendently, filling the clouds, imponderable as down or gossamer, and all the pearly, blue depths with a subtle life and spirit, and pouring over those awful walks of cold, desolate grandeur with a mild and softened radiance, broken in a manner so accordant with nature by delicate shadows streaming from projecting points and edges, which give emphasis to, but never destroy the one broad luminous effect.

A frequent, but certainly one of the very finest of aerial phenomena, is the falling of light through clouds into the shadowy atmosphere below, with dark mountains behind. A multitude of luminous columns of various width and brightness frequently fill the dusky air. In a moment or so the scene changes, and the columns dissolve, here into the faintest suspicion of light, delicately lacing the violet atmosphere, there suspended from the clouds in lines of light and dark, a thin ethereal drapery, or like shafts and arrows shot from above, are quenched in the deeper gloom or lost in the sunshine diffused near the earth. Thus in a few minutes it may run through a series of fluctuations and changes, not unlike those observed of the shafts and

pillars of an Aurora-Borealis. This phenomenon, so frequently a feature of the sublimity attending wide shadows and grand mountain forms, is exhibited in the central atmosphere of the picture in a manner, it would seem, impossible ever to be excelled. The painter himself may be satisfied with this translation upon the canvas of his conceptions. Warm, fleecy clouds, quietly moving over the valley in those lengthy parallels so common, break upon the summit of the mountain. These sift and sow the light down into the great shadow in arrowy shafts and lines that awaken the suspicion of a wavy, tremulous motion. Across the distant slopes the thin columns come, stepping in the yellow sunshine; along the stupendous steeps in front their transparency opens the purple deeps of air, carrying the brightness of the snowy regions into the great shadow, carrying the dark out into the broad light, crossing the main parallels in the clouds and plains, weaving land and skies and all their aerial gloom and splendor into one, and filling the measure of the countless lines required for regions of such breadth and altitude. The effect is magnificent. Once seen, the beholder will ever remember it when he sees the real, although apparently on a smaller scale in these latitudes. The manner in which the light plays and circulates through the woods across the river, awakens in the spectator thoughts of cool, wide shades, with profusion of flowers and exuberance of verdure. The general effulgence of the foreground, sparkling with high, keen lights, with corresponding points of dark in the transparent shadows, heightening or softening the brilliancy and con-

trast of colors, giving freshness to surfaces and forms, and sharpness to fractures and outlines, and unfolding to the sight all parts and details, combine to produce an effect that awakens spontaneously the idea of a foreground in nature itself in keeping with its sublimest scenes. And as in real, veritable nature, such foreground is the true representative of the middle grounds and the far, of all that the eye embraces to the horizon with its sky—explains and interprets to the sight all visible objects, at rest or in motion—the light which brightens them, the qualities which belong to them, the colors which distinguish and adorn them, the spaces that separate, the distances that diminish, the atmosphere in which they are immersed,—giving to all proper graduation from the front, right perspectives, the proper hue and complexion, that subtle, beautiful half tint and tone—linking all confusion into order, blending all parts into, running up an infinity of things into one living organic whole, and leading the mind into the presence of the Maker; so in the picture (which is man's continuation of nature) is the foreground, the true representative of all—explaining and interpreting all—giving to all due gradation, perspective, color and tone,—building a unity, living and organic, out of a multitude of widely-distributed parts, and prompting the beholder in his admiration, to felicitate the painter who could thus weave with his magic pencil these countless touches, threads and lines of color into one piece,—could work the florid fancies and rare inventions up toward the height of the beautiful, and fill them, through the imaginative faculty, with a

life,—could make the one fine creation expressive of nature reposing in her majesty and power, and arrayed with glory.

Expression of Power and Beauty in Repose. This is the high characteristic of the work. Into that one expression all subordinate ones resolve. The impression and sentiment that we bear away, and that fade, if they ever fade, last from the mind, are those of that characteristic expression. As the eye sweeps the royal scene with all its shining or shadowy sublimities, and the vale apparelled with its green, its flowing and scintillating light, its sparkling foam and lustrous waters; and over the silvery line, the highest and the last in the heavens, darts into illimitable ether, the thought that follows is of the Infinite, the Vast, and the Beautiful, all in one melodious, luminous repose,—one loving, living rest. There is no feeling of deathlike silence, but of the blended sounds of nature hushed and lulled into healthy stillness. There is no dead fixedness, but a feeling of motion and activity, subtle, universal. Streams, forests, lights and shadows chasing and retreating,—cloud and sky and air, moist, elastic, yielding,—lines darting, playing in circles, swarming, thinning away,—wavy or sliding surfaces, whistling wings and dropping rocks, all minister to a feeling of motion, but of motion ever trembling into rest—all speak of wakeful activities, but of activities always folding into the one general repose.

Thus have I endeavored to picture to the reader's mind this wonderful and inexhaustible landscape. To reproduce it thoroughly, the writer would not only

have to possess the knowledge of the painter, but follow him through the main current of his intellectual and artistic processes. At best an imperfect reproduction would only be possible. Short of that I stop; having spoken of the earth, its growth, and the light, and incidentally of other facts and phenomena, among them, of water, atmosphere, and color: the first of which, for its fluidity and faithfulness to circumstances; the second, for its transparency, vitality, and fresh, genial presence; the last, for its depth and body, richness and splendor, yet truthfulness to nature—might well claim, each for itself, some lengthy observation. A few brief remarks shall close.

Here is a picture of the grandest design, singularly original, singularly simple and perspicuous, of great purpose and intention fully carried out, of the greatest appreciable breadth, of a multitude of parts dispersed in a way and to an extent utterly perilous to any but the largest intellectual grasp, yet with all its plenitude unified and harmonized as completely as the very best of the Artist's cabinet pictures.

In its composition, it may, or may not, conform to the rules and conventionalities of the schools. It may have many or few coincidences, but they are undesigned. He who has never seen a foreign gallery of art, but has studied nature through North and South America, and learned the plan of her mightiest landscapes, gathers rules of composition for himself. By these rules is this great picture planned and painted. It has all those vital connections, blendings,

gradations, repetitions and balancings requisite for perfect harmony and just proportion. It is so thoroughly suggestive, so judicious a representative of Andean scenery, that one may well question whether any picture could be more.

But are there no faults in this painting? Were this the perfection of a review, its province would still be to reproduce truth and beauty so abundant and pre-eminent, and leave the defects for the Artist himself to discover and remedy in his own time and way. When we cease to be thankful for so much, we may then speak of faults positively few.

Here is a picture, a pure, simple landscape, with just enough of human life in it to indicate its presence, where the Artist has set himself the largest task, and encumbered it purposely with the greatest difficulties; placing it in the full presence of the sun, a position requiring the most careful painting of all details, asking the richest colors of a full palette, but those colors subdued and softened to the sweet, true tone of nature. Upon this the Artist threw himself with all his strength, and worked with an enthusiasm equalled only by the patience and persistent industry which have brought him through. One hazards nothing in pronouncing it what the future will, A Splendid Triumph. A masterpiece among the masterpieces of the world. And the painter stands out in line with those whose presence has passed from the earth, but whose great names in art never perish.